

Pancoast (Jos)

Bell

# LECTURE

INTRODUCTORY TO THE COURSE

OF

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE

FOR THE

SESSION OF 1869-70.

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BY

JOSEPH PANCOAST, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF GENERAL, SPECIAL, AND SURGICAL ANATOMY, ETC. ETC.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS.



PHILADELPHIA:  
COLLINS, PRINTER, 705 JAYNE STREET.  
1869.



*To Professor Wm Graefe  
With the high regards  
of the Author*

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1869.

At a meeting held by the Students of the Jefferson Medical College this day, it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed consisting of one member from each State, province, and nationality, to wait upon Prof. Pancoast, tender him the compliments of the class, and solicit a copy for publication of the Introductory Address delivered by him on Monday evening.

G. B. JARRETT, *President*.

Z. T. DELLENBAUGH, *Secretary*.

PROFESSOR PANCOAST.

DEAR SIR: It is with great pleasure that we, the undersigned committee appointed to wait upon you, request of you in the name of the Class a copy of the Introductory for publication.

Yours respectfully,

W. BUCKBY, Pa.	S. A. HARRIS, N. Y.
J. HAMNER, Ky.	J. W. VINSON, Geo.
J. MCGAUGHEY, Tenn.	J. E. SPENCER, N. J.
S. JOHNSTON, Md.	POSEY COLLINGS, Ind.
J. EAKINS, Ohio.	J. W. BARCLAY, Ala.
J. H. GAINES, Va.	T. L. MCCARTY, Ill.
T. M. ATTAWAY, Texas.	JAMES THOMPSON, Mo.
A. BELO, N. C.	E. W. W. MARSH, Del.
W. C. IRBY, S. C.	M. D. JONES, Miss.
E. M. SMALL, Maine.	H. OSGOOD, Mass.
W. H. HOWITT, Canada.	G. A. WHITE, Cal.
J. C. DUNN, Nova Scotia.	E. G. PRIME, Vt.
E. F. VOSE, R. I.	J. Y. PORTER, Fla.
M. TREVINO, Mexico.	J. B. SNODGRASS, W. Va.
A. WILLIAMS, Eng.	B. B. BRIGGS, Mich.
P. F. OXAMENDI, Cuba.	S. H. PARKER, Ark.
C. E. BLACK, N. B.	F. E. BECKWITH, Conn.
G. M. GATES, Minn.	

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TO MESSRS. G. B. JARRETT, Z. T. DELLENBAUGH, and others, Committee of the Class—  
GENTLEMEN: I have had the honor to receive your polite note of the 12th inst., requesting, on the part of the Class, a copy of my Introductory Address for publication.

This was prepared in behoof of the Class you represent. I shall, therefore, with pleasure, place the manuscript at your disposal. Be good enough to tender to the Class my high sense of the compliment they have paid me, and believe me, gentlemen,

Very faithfully yours,

JOSEPH PANCOAST.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15, 1869,

1030 Chestnut Street.

## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

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GENTLEMEN: It has become to us a familiar thing to look, at this season of the year, into such a sea of earnest and intelligent faces as have honored us with their presence here to night—upon hosts of scientific aspirants, who came in times past as you now come into this medical emporium, with minds athirst for those peculiar studies which are to fashion your lives anew, and fit you to become not only the associates of the wise and learned in their hours of healthful enjoyment, but the conservators of their health in sickness and danger. It is a scene that necessarily reminds us of the day, when, like many of you, we first entered the dread halls of medical science: and we readily call up from the depths of memory the fluctuating feelings that characterized the hour—the searching gaze with which we scanned the features of our future instructors, the glowing zeal which filled our hearts, the anxious solicitude in regard to the future, and the bewitching picture that hope beneficent, perennial hope, held up over all of the glittering triumph that awaited us in the end. These stirred-up recollections of the past, as they flush the feelings, necessarily heighten our interest in your welfare, and add warmth, deep warmth, to the welcome with which we greet your advent into these halls. You will necessarily soon become familiar with the facilities that this great city affords for the study of every department of medical science, and I have thought this evening I would give you a sketch of what the science presents abroad. It is but a short time since that I visited most of the hospitals and medical institutions of the Old World, having been appointed a delegate from the American Medical Association to the great International Convention at Paris, as well as to that of the Ophthalmological Society that immediately succeeded it. The



proceedings of both these bodies have now passed into history, and I need say but little about them here.

There are, as you are well aware, but four great medical and surgical schools in the world—the French, German, British, and American. In Spain, which I thoroughly visited, I met, it is true, with many accomplished gentlemen in our profession, who displayed, in my intercourse with them, the characteristic courtesy of that once great people. But in that country every scientific effort toward advancement in our profession is so entrammelled by the deplorable ignorance and bigotry which exist even among the rulers of society, that the Spanish school has not been able to attain any elevated rank, and is made up mainly of French doctrines at second hand.

The Italian school is immeasurably in advance of the Spanish, though sunk infinitely below the position it once occupied, when, in the days of Fabricius, Malpighi, Morgagni, and Scarpa, it was the anatomical and surgical teacher of the world. Not that Italy is now altogether devoid of prominent medical men; I have found able surgeons in Naples, Florence, and Bologna, and you are all familiar with the reputation of Pacchini, of Florence, the discoverer of those singular nervous bodies that bear his name, whom I found one of the most intelligent, warm-hearted, and interesting men that I have ever had the happiness to meet.

As I walked through the ancient palatial seats of learning at Bologna and Padua, I could but mourn over their decline in reputation from those bright and palmy days of grandeur, when their halls were thronged with the most aspiring students from all parts of Europe. The escutcheons belonging to the name and race of the more distinguished still hang in great numbers upon the walls, among which I observed that of the celebrated Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation. He was a student of Padua, and gleaned from the teachings of Fabricius of Aquapendente an insight into the mysteries of the vascular system, which led to his discovery of the circulation, and made his name famous for all time.

This lecture-room of old Fabricius the authorities have had the good taste to preserve unchanged down to the present time. What appearance, think you, it presents?—a spacious theatre, with cushioned seats, on which his audience could have reclined at ease? No, indeed. It is but a tall, narrow, circular chamber,

much smaller than the old lecture-room of the Pennsylvania Hospital; like a punch-bowl in shape, with narrow galleries running around, in which the students could merely squeeze themselves in a standing posture, in order to observe the demonstrations of the great man below.

But there is hope yet for Italy. Her skies remain as fair, and her soil as fertile as ever, and a brighter sun shines in her political horizon. There is yet hope for the Italian people, for they still honor their great names of the past. So I felt as I stood in the beautiful lecture-room of Bologna. The ceiling of this theatre was frescoed in the highest style of art—Apollo in relief, suspended from the centre; a Cupid placed upon one hand, a female figure representing Fame on the other, with all the Muses gracefully grouped around. About the sides of the room, dressed in their flowing professorial robes, stood the statues of Malpighi, Bartolinus, Varolius, Arantius, and the learned Taliacotius, the inventor of the Italian method of rhinoplasty. This image of the great father of plastic surgery held the model of a nose in his left hand, such as he made from the skin of the arm, and which he seemed to regard with singular complacency. In the passage adjoining stood the great oculist of his day, with two eyes painted in the palms of his hands, emblematic of his art, and the manual dexterity for which he was so famous. And in a corner, quiet as the stone of which she was made, sat Laura Bassi, the once famous Doctress of Laws, and lecturer on philosophy, a character such as Shakspeare might possibly have had in his mind when he drew his beautiful picture of Portia.

But let me take you on with me in my journey into Germany. I arrived in Vienna the evening of the day on which, by a vote of the Parliament, the Roman Concordat had been broken. Rokitsansky, the pathological anatomist, who had been ennobled by the Emperor, had just made a liberal speech, with which the town was ringing. The streets were blocked with an excited and huzzaing crowd, and the people were happy, as they felt that now all denominations might intermarry without the assent of the Hierarchy.

We will first make a visit to the Royal Imperial General Hospital of Vienna—the Königlich, Kaiserlich Allgemeinen Krankenhaus. We will leave the compact central portion of the city behind us, with its concentric streets made to suit the walls of



olden time. We will pass out by the Scotch Gate, or Shotten Thor, cross the wide and windy glacis or esplanade, and enter, a half mile further on, one of the great enveloping suburbs of Vienna, called the Alserforstadt. Here is the great hospital, covering a space of ground equal to two of our city squares, surrounded on each side with hospital buildings. The interior space is intersected east and west, north and south, with rows of continuous houses, which likewise serve for hospital wards, habitations for some of the professors, baths, and lecture-rooms. Two giants of porters, with cocked-hats and harlequin-like habiliments, usually stand, like Gog and Magog, guardians at the portal. This hospital is a little city of itself, with some thousands of inhabitants of both sexes, comprised in the main of the sick, the deformed, the parturient, and the dying. Here is accumulated almost every variety of disease, even cases of such a disgusting nature that you almost shrink as you go your rounds from coming in contact with the walls or furniture.

The professors of clinical surgery are Baron Domreicher and Biloeth, both distinguished men, who hold twice a week varied and interesting clinics; but they will exhibit little that is new, or that would be particularly interesting to recapitulate here. Domreicher still uses the waxed thread in place of the wire ligature in the treatment of vesico-vaginal fistula, and Biloeth has displaced the upper jaw-bone in order to cut the root of the third branch of the fifth pair of nerves for facial neuralgia, which is done by a much less dangerous process in this country. I heard him, in a lecture encomiastic of American ingenuity as displayed in the manufacture of artificial limbs, describe an amusing race which took place some years ago in front of our exchange on Dock Street, in which he said a man with only one artificial leg was beaten by his antagonist who had two.

We will go now with the small crowd that is hurrying to attend the world-renowned clinic of Professor Hebra, the man who justly holds the highest place in the world's estimation for his skill in the diagnosis and treatment of the complicated and multifarious diseases of the skin, who has, in his career, treated more than 10,000 cases of smallpox, and other cutaneous diseases in proportion, and given to the world pictorial representations of them that have never been equalled.

Punctual to the hour affixed for his private course, in rolls a short



man with a round and portly person, and features expressive of great sprightliness and intelligence. This is Prof. Hebra. He hangs up his hat on a peg—a fashion in which all follow him. His rostrum is a chair placed within on a slightly raised platform about twelve feet square. Upon this platform the patients are introduced one by one and passed along the inner side of the railing so as to exhibit their diseases to the students ranged round it without.

Most of the varieties of skin disease pass before him in the course of these lectures—syphilis, psoriasis, itch, lupus, prurigo, *et id genus omne*, are diagnosed with wonderful acumen and judiciously treated. Your trust in his accuracy cannot be withheld. For in cases where the nature of the disease is ambiguous or mixed, and they are often so, he has the manliness to tell you that he must withhold his opinion for another day, or till he sees the proper grounds for a diagnosis.

The examination of each case is, however, thoroughly made. No vestments stand in the way, whatever the sex may be, and there is at least no mock sentimentality on either side. Occasionally a man will enter six feet high, perhaps, step up upon the platform with military precision, and dropping a loose gown from about him, make a formal profound obeisance in a state as naked as was Adam before he began tailoring with fig leaves.

Prof. Hebra believes in the unity of syphilis, as does his colleague Prof. Sigmund, and uses mercury and sulphur in its treatment as we do. But the mode of using mercury, especially in the secondary and tertiary forms, at present in vogue with both these gentlemen, is to inject under the skin once daily the tenth part of a grain of corrosive sublimate for an adult, and the thirtieth for a child. Small as this amount is, it does not do to exceed it, or it will excite nausea and vomiting. It is thrown in, in solution, with the hypodermic syringe, under the skin of the buttocks, at the lower point of the scapula, or over the insertion of the deltoid muscle. They will tell you, however, that the value of this process is yet under trial.

The plan is to continue the treatment for twenty separate injections, and then observe the results; if necessary, recommencing the injections again after a few days. Small as is the amount of the sublimate thus introduced, it can after ten days be detected in the urine. And this is not strange; for the use of chemical tests is now brought to such a great degree of perfection that it is boldly asserted that the presence of one  $\frac{1}{10000}$  part of a grain

of quinia can be detected in the urine by the means of the spectrum and the passing of an electric current through the fluid, catching the quinia on a piece of gold leaf.

The well-known compound sulphur bath of Fleming, the Surgeon-in-Chief to the Belgic Armies, is the one commonly used, especially in tertiary syphilis and psoriasis. It is applied, according to the case, from two to six hours, and if you look around, you will see almost at any time a dozen male patients floating about like so many seals in one common bath tub. It is his treatment too for the itch, which he says he cures with this bath in half an hour, killing at once the insects and adding the strings of eggs which they lay along so nicely in little galleries beneath the skin. It says little for the cleanliness of the habits of the people of Vienna that this disgusting disease should be so common there. It is so often found even among the higher classes that Hebra will tell you he finds it convenient to use a popular preparation, charged with aromatics, that he calls his aristocratic itch ointment. Even the cats and dogs of Vienna, he says, suffer with the same disease, produced by the same insect. In bad cases of pemphigus, when the bullæ have given place to a delicate and imperfect cuticle, he lays his patients in a bath of perpetually flowing water, and when taken out they are dressed in an India-rubber vest and pantaloons, and even the face covered with pieces of India-rubber cloth. Bad cases of hopeless burns are put into this perpetual bath, where they find themselves easier than elsewhere, and, as Hebra will tell you, die very comfortably. But it would be tedious to go into a description of this bath, with its inclined bed and its windlass arrangement, or of his famous tar bath, or of his habit of scrubbing the bodies of his patients over with the strongest kind of soap when the skin is insensitive and incapable of absorption. When there is much cutaneous sensitiveness then the cocoa-nut oil soap is used. A friend in Vienna told me he was using, with excellent effect, this coconussenoilsodaseife in the case of a Constantinopolitanisherdudelsackpfeifer—that is to say, he was using the cocoa-nut oil soda soap in the case of a Constantinople bagpipe player.

Some simple rules Hebra follows closely in getting at the differential diagnosis between syphilis and common psoriasis. He tells you that syphilitic eruptions never itch like psoriasis; that they come frequently in the bend of the arm and in the ham, psoriasis



never; and that syphilitic sores always produce a loss of tissue, and that others usually do not.

Professor Sigmund exonerates our country from the supposed opprobrium of having originated the syphilitic poison. He says it is described in the Bible as many had previously supposed, and showed me a pamphlet just published by a learned Jewish physician in which it is said that Luther, out of commendable modesty, has purposely mistranslated the passage.

To Prof. Sigmund we are indebted for the knowledge of the important fact that the raw ulcerations on the side of the tongue, and called syphilitic psoriasis, are very contagious. From ignorance on this point, he has seen the most deplorable consequences follow, as many of us have done—the infected child poisoning the nurse at whose breast it sucks; the diseased nurse poisoning the child, by first chewing its food in her own mouth; and the most innocent and pure-minded have their systems infected simply by the kiss of a brother or other near relative.

But let us now shake off any infection that may attach to our garments in this place, and move on in another direction.

There is in Vienna, as well as in other parts of the world, a vicious tendency to the narrowing down of the medical mind to the littleness of specialism. This arises in part from the terrible competition among professional men in Europe, and is maintained partly by the ignorance of the public in respect to the breadth of our science, and the intimate relationship of all its parts.

Among the able men, assistant professors in the hospital, there are two who have devoted themselves to the use of the laryngoscope. They have obtained great address in the use of their instruments, but are disposed, on account of the narrowness of the field they occupy, to exaggerate its importance in justification of their own devotion to it.

I saw tumors again and again pinched off from the vocal chords with cutting forceps, and a chicken bone withdrawn from the larynx after weeks of manipulation, but with injury to the vocal chords and permanent loss of voice, and I feel assured I have had a better result in analogous cases, by splitting up the cartilages, and at once removing the foreign body.

Nor is the plan they pursue without danger. It is their custom to produce previous anæsthesia of the glottis by mopping it with a solution of twenty grains of morphia to one ounce of water.



There is risk of too great absorption of the morphia, and a fatal case occurred from this cause during my visit.

Professor Gruber, a prominent and distinguished man, has devoted himself to the diseases of the ear. With great apparent subtlety of diagnosis, he alleges that many cases of deafness arise from a depression of the tympanic membrane, and its attachment to the promontory on the opposite bony wall. In such cases he does not hesitate to make a semicircular division of the tympanic membrane, for the purpose of cutting this adhesion, subsequently keeping the membrane in its proper place, by the insufflation of air through the Eustachian tube. Of the full value of this process, though I acknowledge its ingenuity, I was not able to form an opinion. This gentleman has, however, given us a work on the subject of much anatomical and physiological importance.

We will now pass beyond the rooms where these specialists are at work, and enter the large wards of Professor Skoda. It is near the close of the session, and as he goes his rounds, he is examining, over his patients, some of his students for their degrees.

We shall find this eminent physician, seated near his patient, putting his questions with a small, thin voice to one of the class. The candidate stands up, the patient listening attentively, strangers observing, and the eyes of all his fellow students concentrated on the candidate.

The questions and answers are in relation to the diagnosis, history, treatment, and prognosis of the case. They are in German, the Latin language only being used when the nature of the subject might be distressing to the patient.

The student often blunders, and is corrected bluntly by the Professor, but, to the credit of the class, his blunders are not treated with ridicule.

A sort of fellow-feeling, a consciousness that they will all have to undergo a similar ordeal, keeps quiet and decorous a class of students not otherwise particularly distinguished by marks of good breeding or elevated deportment.

You will be struck as you follow the rounds of the wards, as I was on this and preceding visits, both with the completeness of Prof. Skoda's diagnosis, and the seeming insufficiency of his treatment. He investigates as if he was examining into the operations of a brute machine, and prescribes as if he had little faith

in his remedies; seemingly forgetful that the chief value of so much toil and labor as he has bestowed on physical diagnosis is to discover the best means for the relief of human ailments.

We will now pass to the newly-erected and handsome structure in one corner of the square, to which the dead are carried. This is under the supervision of the great pathological anatomist, Rokitansky. But he now no longer lectures except in the didactic course of the University.

Sheitow and Bisiedeckí were his able assistants. The dissection of every cadaver is here made in the most thorough manner, and the students who form the private classes of these gentlemen are well instructed in the changes that disease produces.

Perhaps they are induced to devote too much time to the use of the microscope on some favorite subjects, to the neglect of the wider and grander field of general pathology.

The demonstrations here are early in the morning. As we leave this interesting spot, we pass on our return near the obstetrical department, under the care of Professors Shote and Braun.

We will enter there. It contains 600 beds, and 10,000 births take place there yearly. The patients are taken in only during the last month of their pregnancy. Graduates who pay the private fee, and bribe the nurses, get cases in abundance, even those requiring the use of the forceps, and are able to secure patients in advance, by writing their names over the beds. Twenty placentas are lying on the table, the product of the preceding night.

The patients are carried into one room to be confined, and are transported back on a litter to another when the trouble is over.

No belly bandage is put on ordinarily. If there is after hemorrhage, cold is applied to the abdomen, or cold water injections made into the vagina; if it prove very obstinate, then one or two drachms of the tincture of the sesquichloride of iron, diluted in a pint of water, is thrown into the uterus. If bleeding is still continued, then a belly-bandage is applied, a proceeding which I believe few judicious obstetricians in this country would so long delay. Every infant is swathed like a mummy, or an Indian papoose, and so kept for months, bound up so tightly in bandages that they rock it by rolling it on the bed as they would rock a cradle. The attendants even seemed to have no idea that infants were differently treated in other parts of the world. There are no regular lectures here; nothing purely didactic in midwifery

or any other branch. What the chance practice offers, they lecture on, either at the bedside, or by adjournment to the lecture-room adjoining, so that if during the course there were five cases of placenta prævia, there would be five lectures on it. If no case, no lectures on the subject. This is one of the great faults of the institution.

There is a great chattering now in the lecture-room, as if a big school had broken loose.

Look in there. You will see sixty or seventy women, all students of this branch, between the ages of 20 and 35; some sitting, some half-reclining on the seats, some perched on the backs of the benches. They are waiting for the professor who lectures to them to-day. They come from all parts of the wide Austrian empire, stay about two months, are instructed free of expense, have regular practice in the wards, and are sent back home again, to attend, after a fashion, at the advent of the future subjects of his imperial majesty.

The mother, after the birth of the child, remains in the institution only nine days, in case all goes well, and makes her exit leaving her babe behind her.

Would you like to know what becomes of these little innocents? Thereby hangs a lamentable story. The child, if strong, is sent at once out into the country to nurse: poor women taking five or six at a time for a mere pittance, and bringing them up as they best can. One-half die during the first year. A register is kept. The name of the mother and the date of her entry are entered there, and a piece of tape with the number of the birth for that year marked on it with indelible ink is sewed round the left wrist of the child. This is kept carefully on the wrist till the child is six years old, up to which period the mother may reclaim it. The name of the nurse is also registered, and as she never lives more than a few miles distant, the mother can call and inquire after the infant. If the child is maltreated in any way it is recalled and another nurse substituted.

I was witness to a scene where an infant bearing on its arm the No. 2478 had been brought back because the nurse had beaten it, and the mother, a decently clad woman, had come to see it. She mourned over it like another Rachel refusing to be comforted, calling it her little angel, and many other endearing epithets which



I could hardly make out between her sobs and sighs, and her broken language.

Many of the young infants are too delicate to be sent at once into the country. They are transferred to the foundling hospital across the street, and such of the young mothers as are capable of nursing two children are placed over there for three months, in order to take them under their charge. Admirable order is preserved in this institution, but it presents a miserable spectacle.

The selfish instincts of poor human nature would always lead the mother to foster more kindly her own offspring than the little stranger she was constrained at the same time to hold to her breast. I could always distinguish the wan, pale, often sightless face of the one, from the plump rosy cheek of the other, and would win a smile from the young earnest face of the mother by saying *this is your own*.

The number of children constantly connected with this institution is 20,000. Many die; few are reclaimed. At the ages of six or seven they are bound out to service, and, if boys, usually find their destination in the army.

But enough of such a subject. Let us pass on to Berlin, and see that distinguished pathologist, enlightened statesman, and amiable gentleman, Professor Virchow, whose name is familiar to you all. His genius is of so versatile a nature that often on the same day he will give a lecture on some abstruse point in pathology, and a flowing oration from his place in the chamber of representatives.

I had the pleasure of listening to the first two lectures of his course, which are called his railroad lectures. The room he occupies was built expressly for him; it is about fifty feet square. The floor and seats are on a level, and the tables so arranged in zigzag lines that a little railroad track with turn-tables at the corners is continuous round the room. On this track nine microscopes were mounted on wheels, and made to pass round the room by being pushed on from student to student, as each one examined the object displayed.

The professor, of middle age, medium height, and prepossessing appearance, stood in one corner of the room with a black-board and towel hanging behind him. Five students were in another corner arranging the microscopes. Before these were put in motion, pathological preparations on dishes were passed

round the tables under the noses of the students. The professor would describe one specimen, and set it agoing, then take up another. Thus four or five would be put in motion successively, and be making at the same time the circuit of the room. It was evident that the students had great difficulty to connect the descriptions they had heard with the right preparations. The same difficulty, too, must attend the use of the microscopes.

At the second lecture the main scenic effect consisted in the arrangement on a large table of a dozen wooden platters filled with pathological specimens. In one there was the skullcap and brain of a man who had died from a blow on the head which had produced suppuration between the membranes. The spleen and the liver on another, showing the commencement of metastatic abscesses. Here a portion of a pelvis showing the early stage of inflammation in the hip-joint. On another plate were the lungs and heart. The great and small intestines were displayed on another, the latter riddled out and split open, and laid in longitudinal rows like the ruffles on a shirt. And again we had other plates containing the bladder and kidneys and diseased mesenteric glands.

The object of the second lecture was to show the effects of inflammation on the different tissues according to Virchow's peculiar theory.

As Schwann showed all living bodies to consist of a series of cells, and all the normal acts of life to consist of cell-actions, so Virchow reduces all morbid processes to merely morbid cell-action; the effused lymph or plasma itself which occurs in inflammation consisting of substances that form cells.

The preparations on the table were briefly described, with the bowels and the diseased mesenteric glands. These were made the subject of a lecture for three-quarters of an hour, in which he used freely and neatly the blackboard. The object of the lecturer was to contrast the pathological differences between exanthematous and abdominal typhus.

The lecturer was not in this place oratorical, and there was good taste in that. He held his head down somewhat, hesitated often, seemed much communing with himself, stood now with one hand in his trousers pocket, now with two, varying the position occasionally by putting them in his coat pockets behind his back; but he was learned in his subject and clear, and occasionally rose

into animation. He is surely a man of distinction, and every way worthy of the high reputation he has achieved. I would that I had time here, which I have not, to give you his views more in detail.

There is a very great surgeon in Germany, and he resides in Berlin. His name is Langenbeck. A friend of former days, I was again indebted to him for much and unwearied attention, both public and private. I saw much of his interesting hospital practice, seated on the sofa in his operating room, where the celebrated Dieffenbach breathed his last, falling, like Liston, in the midst of his students, and in the theatre where he had won his great renown. He is a man of middle age, thin, but enduring; not robust; an indefatigable worker, and an enthusiastic lover of his profession. He is a master in the art of plastic surgery.

Among the many meritorious things he has done, he has taught us the full value that is attached to the preservation of the periosteum in bony resections, which, in all such operations, he previously most carefully peels off from the bone. He has shown most conclusively that three or more inches of the tibia may, after resection, be completely renewed by the preserved periosteum—a doctrine not new to us, however, as I heard it announced in my student days by Dr. John Rhea Barton of this city. But Langenbeck has more thoroughly displayed its importance. He states that he has seen even a new olecranon process, evolved by the periosteum after resection of the elbow-joint.

He has shown us how the upper jaw may be sawn through and swung back as on hinges, and be subsequently replaced, affording an opportunity to reach the bloody naso-palatine tumors, that are so difficult to manage—an operation which he had the goodness to exhibit to me on the cadaver.

He has given us several new and valuable methods for amputation at the ankle-joint. But I have not the time to mention here one-half the amount of indebtedness under which he has placed us.

Germany, if not the birth-place, has always been the field in which ophthalmological science has been most extensively cultivated. Vienna was formerly, but now Berlin is the great centre from which most of the improvements in the treatment of eye diseases emanate. Of all ophthalmologists, the distinguished Graefe, of Berlin, at present bears away the palm. Yet Arlt of



Vienna, and Donders of Utrecht, are not far behind him. They have worked in the same field—three brothers in art, forming a constellation of stars of the first magnitude.

By the side of Graefe, an acquaintance of other days, and by that of Arlt, of Vienna, it has been my good fortune to sit day by day and witness the care and skill with which they do the most delicate operations. I have also observed again and again the marvellous operative dexterity of the younger Desmarres, of Paris; the judgment and skill of the gentlemanly Liebrich of the same city, as well as the judicious and successful management of the eye by Bowman and Critchet, of London. I must defer to a later period much of my gleanings from these fruitful sources.

I have but time to say a few words in regard to the grand subject of the extraction of cataract. Sichel and Desmarres, of Paris, and the successor of Arlt, at Prague, are among the few who still hold on as the general rule to the old method of extraction without iridectomy which, when successful, is unquestionably the most perfect and beautiful of all forms of cataract extraction. But it is attended with great hazard to the eye. The genius of Graefe has opened a surer path to success, by making a smaller exterior wound in the sclerotic margin, and cutting out at the same time a portion of the iris. This operation I have seen admirably done in the amphitheatre since my return, and had often practised it before I went abroad.

Graefe has done (he told me) this new operation 800 times, with a small proportion of failures. As I before observed, almost all eye surgeons follow Graefe's leading. Yet this extraction with iridectomy always leaves a deformity of the pupil—and, yet while admitting its great merits, there is not among surgeons any uniform method for its performance.

Graefe and Arlt always make the upper section cutting through the sclerotic coat; Bowman and Critchett make also the upper section, but cut out through the cornea. Liebrich, of Paris, makes the lower section, cutting out also through the cornea. Donders told me that he thought in a double cataract we ought to do Graefe's operation on one eye, and if that was successful, do the older, more perfect but more hazardous one, on the other; so that you will see even in this almost perfected operation much must be left, as in nearly every other surgical case, to the judgment and discrimination of the surgeon.

From the names I have mentioned, you may well infer that there is a wide field in Paris for the successful study of eye surgery; indeed, in all the branches of medical and surgical science, the greatest centre of attraction is still, as it has been for the last two hundred years, the gay Parisian capital. From Paris we have derived our most complete systematic treatises on the different branches; the stethoscope of Laennec, the lithonriptor of Civiale which is steadily and surely in a great majority of cases displacing the lithotome, the éraseur and drainage tubes of Chassaignac, with a host of other things which I need not mention.

It is true, I missed the great names and presence of many men with whom I had been familiar. Velpeau died during my visit—exclaiming with his last breath, “one must work and not idle!”—and was followed to his tomb at Montmartre by distinguished men from almost all parts of the world. But there were great men before Agamemnon and have been since, and there are yet great men in Paris worthy successors to Dupuytren, Bichat, and Velpeau. They exist in such numbers even, and of such exalted merit, that the very number seems to present a bar to individual prominence, and prevents any one peering up above his fellows, like Mont Blanc over his satellites of mountains; so that no single one in Paris, perhaps, has such individual prominence as Langenbeck in Berlin, Fergusson, Erichsen, and Paget in London, Syme and Pirrie in Scotland, or Butcher and Porter in Dublin. Yet Maisonneuve worthily holds the place of Dupuytren, at the Hotel Dieu; Gosselin, that of Velpeau at La Charité; Richet, that of Lisfranc at La Pitié, and Baron Larrey the place of his renowned father at the Val de Grace. These and many others are so distinguished by their great merit that they might serve alone to glorify the place in which they live. In Paris you are never at a loss, whatever may be the subject that you wish to cultivate. Every-day clinics are open, where if one comprehends the language, he may derive the choicest instruction.

This is not the place in which I can speak of my personal observations in Paris. But I must not omit to mention the name of our distinguished and amiable countryman, Dr. Marion Sims, of South Carolina. This is a gentleman of whom our whole country should be proud. He has been deservedly decorated by the French Emperor, in consequence of his having taught the

surgeons of Europe how to cure one of the most afflictive forms of disease, which they previously did not know how to manage. And I know from my own observations that no one can excel him in the neatness and grace with which he performs his peculiar operations.

But I cannot leave the French school without remarking that one finds there, though to a less degree than in Vienna, much that offends his ideas of propriety, especially in regard to the exposure of patients, male and female. But in Paris you find what you do not in Vienna, female *doctors*, who walk the wards with you and attend the clinical lectures. In the service of Gosselin at the Charité there was a student of this sex that I frequently encountered. She was a youngish woman, I am glad to say not a citizen of ours. She went through the general ward with perfect nonchalance; looked quietly at the diseased parts, listened to lectures on gonorrhœa and syphilis, but displayed some modesty by walking a little ahead when a male catheter was to be introduced. In the female wards she felt herself more at home, and took her place standing by the side of Gosselin. Here I had a fair opportunity to observe her. She was dressed in black, with a little black bonnet on her head, decorated with two red Provence roses at the side, and three little rose-buds, just beginning to open, more in front. She had an intelligent, not pretty face, with wide opening eyelids. The examination for the diseases of the vagina and rectum begins. The doctor has his back to the window, facing the table, which has steps to ascend it in front. The little woman also has her back to the window, with the class of students by her side. It was an external clinique. The patients came in from the streets, tolerably well dressed, and with a taste which is never entirely absent in France, even in women of the lower class. They mounted the rostrum sometimes with decorum, sometimes with a mischievous smile, that often ere the close was changed into a frown. Little time was lost; "*montez, descendez,*" was the cry of Gosselin. The speculum was used, and caustic or tannin applied. The doctor would describe the signs of disease that he saw. The students would then bend their heads to bring them in a line with the speculum, and the little woman in turn would drop her head to get a look into the mysterious depths of the instrument. In one case the patient presented large rupiose syphilitic ulcers on her limbs and body. When about to dismiss



this patient M. Gosselin gave her a lecture in very plain language in regard to her future deportment, to which the little rose-buds nodded approval. After such examinations a regular lecture is given on the cases in the adjoining theatre.

Of the surgeons of Great Britain, with whose opinions enounced in our common language you must needs be more familiar, it is not necessary that I should here say much, even were longer time allowed me. I shall confine myself, in this brief notice, to the two more novel points in surgical practice there, the value of which cannot as yet be considered settled. I allude to the use of acupressure after the manner of Sir James Y. Simpson and the carbolic acid antiseptic treatment, which Professor Lister of Glasgow, now of Edinburgh, following some of the French surgeons, is most thoroughly investigating.

Acupressure is no new subject in this city. I myself introduced its use some years ago into this Clinic and in my service at the Pennsylvania Hospital, and its practical value has since been more fully observed by the present distinguished surgeons of that and other institutions in this city. Its object is, as you know, to secure the bleeding vessels without killing a piece of flesh with the ligature, and leaving that as a dead part in the wound, to provoke suppuration and endanger pyæmia. The practice of acupression, I observed, was growing into favor in many parts of the Continent, and even Professor Syme, of Edinburgh, who has always opposed the method, pays a silent tribute to it, by substituting for the ligature, the old-fashioned method of twisting the arteries, even vessels of the size of the radial and ulnar after the manner of Amussat. Professors Pirrie and Keith, of Aberdeen, have done most in perfecting this process, and find a wire loop, with a quarter twist of the wire on the needle, sufficient even for the larger arteries. It is impossible to say as yet how far we can extend beneficially the use of the method of acupressure. It is now used in a very simple way, to make pressure on the trunk of a vessel, in order to arrest the bleeding from some of its distant branches. And I think it quite possible it may yet be found reliable in the treatment of some forms of aneurism. Surely we must all admit, that we owe a great debt to that distinguished obstetrician and good man, Prof. Simpson, for its introduction.

The antiseptic treatment, by the use in various ways of carbolic

acid, is considered by the distinguished Prof. Syme as marking a new era in surgical treatment. But its value is by no manner of means generally established. Prof. Lister, the son-in-law of Mr. Syme, is its greatest advocate. The theoretic grounds upon which the doctrine is erected are these: That there are septic germs floating everywhere in the atmosphere, to be found even in the dust that accumulates on the end of the finger, and which if they come in contact with the surface of a wound are one of the chief causes that excite to suppuration. The carbolic acid kills these germs, so that if the surface of the wound is covered with this acid, diluted with water or oil, or mixed in a plaster, so as to completely exclude the air, there ought to be little or no suppuration. That there is great advantage to be obtained from the use of carbolic acid in this way, and in preventing suppuration after compound fractures, I have no manner of doubt, and Prof. Lister showed me many cases where, after serious operations, there had been no suppuration whatever, or but very little. Indeed, in a little work by the late Professor John K. Mitchell, of Jefferson Medical College, you will find a sort of outline of these same doctrines in his cryptogamous theory of the production of disease from atmospheric germs. The cool and fine climate of Scotland, and the airiness of their hospital wards in general, must have much to do in the healing of wounds without suppuration. It is no uncommon thing either in this city, as many of us can attest. In Aberdeen, Prof. Pirrie showed me cases where there had been similar good results without the use of carbolic acid, which he attributed to the use of acupression and their bracing climate. And among the cases he showed me were amputations of the breast, leg, and upper jaw.

GENTLEMEN: I have spoken to you of the distinguished men of other lands; I must now speak, though briefly, of two of the most eminent men of this age, who belonged to us—aye! to our whole country and the world. I allude to the late Emeritus Professors of the Institutes of Medicine and of Obstetrics in this Institution; Robley Dunglison, and Charles D. Meigs.

It would be no easy task, even were greater time allowed me, to render fitting tribute to their worth; devoted, as their lives have been, to the instruction and benefit of their race, and not

less distinguished for scientific attainments, than by lofty virtue and manly grace.

Happy for us all if we could tread in the bright paths that they have illumined, and more happy for us, if we could be followed by the same cherished memories which afford some sweet consolation, even for their loss.

ROBLEY DUNGLISON was born two years before the beginning of this century, in the ancient town of Keswick, on the margin of Derwentwater, one of the most picturesque of the many beautiful lakes that adorn the English North Countrie.

He pursued his medical studies, successively, in London, Edinburgh, and Paris, and, in 1819, took his medical degrees in London. At the University of Erlangen, in Germany, he took out, after examination, another medical degree in 1823. He subsequently settled in London, and there married, in 1824, an amiable and excellent lady, Harriet Leadam, the daughter of a London physician.

He was, at this early age (as I have been told by Dr. Copland, who was one of his circle of friends, and himself an author of great reputation), distinguished by a love of science and general literature, which he afterwards cultivated with so much renown. With this gentleman he had engaged to unite in the preparation of some important medical works, and in May, 1824, advertised in the *London Repository*, of which he was one of the editors, a course of lectures on the Principles and Practice of Midwifery, to be commenced the following October. But at this period the current of his life was suddenly changed. The University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, was about being instituted under the auspices of President Jefferson, who was its Rector. Francis Walker Gilmore, who was sent over to London as an agent of the Board of Visitors, selected Dr. Dunglison as the one best fitted to fill, with advantage to that institution, a comprehensive chair, which included Anatomy, Surgery, the History and Theory of Medicine, Physiology, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy. This distinguished position, so flatteringly tendered to him, was accepted by Dr. Dunglison, and in 1825, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, he was installed in that important professorship at Charlottesville.

Rapid was the rise of that noble institution into general favor. To its elevation no one contributed more signally than Prof.



Dunghlison. For eight years he remained one of its glories, acquiring a national renown, and becoming in turn the friend and physician of Jefferson and Madison.

In 1833 he accepted the appointment of Professor of Therapeutics, Materia Medica, Hygiene, and Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Maryland, and three years later, in tribute to his wide-spread reputation as an eloquent lecturer and wise instructor, he received a call to a professorship in this institution, the chair of Institutes being constructed expressly for him.

From that time till the spring of 1868, a period of thirty-four years, the energies of his strong mind, his great learning, and his practical good sense, were devoted to the best interests of this college, and the general promotion of literature and science.

To advance the interests of this college he became a clinical teacher of medicine in the Philadelphia Hospital, where he displayed that extraordinary ability in medical diagnosis which was conspicuous to all who had the pleasure of meeting him in private practice by the bedside.

There was scarcely an honor that scientific bodies could bestow that he did not receive. He was a member of more than a hundred learned societies. How busily his industrious pen marked down the overflowing of his active and teeming brain is well known to the reading portion of our profession. We are indebted to him for ten large original productions, some of which, like his great dictionary, must be enduring, as well as a much greater number of others, translated and annotated.

He may be said to have not taken a great part in the development of the shifting though valuable innovations in histological anatomy, which have characterized modern physiology. It may be that the schools in which he had his early training rather held him back from the path of personal investigation. He stood more as a conservator between the old doctrines and the new. Yet he was fond of the study of minute anatomy, familiar with the use of the microscope and all other appliances for its investigation, and thoroughly posted in respect to all the alleged medical discoveries which appeared from time to time in the different languages of Europe. He deemed that it required faculties of a less high order to make observations, than to determine their exact value, by judicial reasoning and comparison. And in the exercise of this latter faculty, he was in truth a king of men.

He may be said to have been as Lord Bacon said of himself, "fitted by nature with a desire to seek, patience to doubt, fulness to meditate, slowness to assert, and carefulness to dispose and set in order."

For twenty-seven years I was in direct association with him as one of the Professors of this College, have enjoyed with him during that period habits of unbroken intimacy, have seen him in sickness and health, in the fulness of happiness and under the burden of private affliction, and one kinder hearted, more genial in all his sympathies, more just, generous, and discerning, it has never been my happiness to know. Yet these fine qualities were held under such control and equipoise by a mind whose feelings were not demonstrative, that to those who little knew him he might have appeared somewhat formal and unsympathizing.

Condemned to a great extent by slowly failing health for many years to the rest and quiet of his library, wonderfully rich in all the stores of science, how often has his aid been solicited by the learned and inquiring in solving some difficult question in one of the various departments of general science. How generously, how freely, and how wisely he counselled with and aided his visitors, many, very many can avouch.

His mind was, in truth, a great estate, where knowledge of all sorts, rich and rare, was lodged, ready and at hand for general usefulness.

This learned and good man, this efficient collaborator in the building up of the renowned college, under whose wing we have gathered to-night, passed, on the first day of April last, into the borders of the unknown world, with the graceful decorum of a philosopher, and the uncomplaining forbearance of a Christian gentleman, humble and devout.

How fearful the blank that his death has produced in the circle of his family and among his intimate friends, many an aching heart can attest; what a blow to science it will be my duty to recount in another place; what a loss to our especial profession the thousands will feel who have imbibed lessons of wisdom at the feet of this modern Gamaliel as he taught the mysteries of life and organization, with judicial discrimination, and in a marvellous flow of exact and classical language,

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage; without overflowing, full,"

—mysteries which, in whatever respect they may have been dark or doubtful to him before, are probably all now made clear by all the brightness of all the luminaries of heaven.

DR. CHARLES D. MEIGS was born in 1792, of Connecticut parentage, in the island of Bermuda, where his father held an official position under the government of the United States. He was brought back an infant to New Haven, in Connecticut, in the college of which place his father was one of the instructors. At the age of seven he was taken to Athens, where his father had been appointed President of Georgia College. In this college he received an excellent education, and acquired a taste for the Greek and Latin languages, in which he became a distinguished scholar, finding their cultivation throughout his life a source of great mental enjoyment and professional advantage. From a French emigrant noble, with whom, in his youthful days, he lived on terms of intimacy, he derived his knowledge of the French language, which he spoke so well as to venture to use it in an address which he delivered, while on a visit to Paris, before the Academy of Medicine.

He took his medical degree in 1815, in the University of Pennsylvania, and soon after married Mary Montgomery, a lady belonging to one of our best Philadelphia families. A short portion of his married life was spent in Augusta, Georgia. Philadelphia became his permanent home in 1817. In this city he entered into practice, and engaged in various important literary pursuits connected therewith, and gradually laid the foundation of that wide-spread professional reputation which caused him to be sought out, in 1841, as the Professor of Obstetrics in this Institution.

I recollect him even from my student days, when his inchoate greatness was yet in the bud. Even then he shone as a debater, in the Medical Society of this city, among such distinguished compeers as Chapman, Parrish, Jackson, Wood, Hodge, La Roche, Bell, Condie, and Coates. I see him before me now as he was in those bygone days, moving into the arena of debate with a modesty of gait and delicacy of demeanor that would have done honor to a woman. Short in stature, thin in person, with a bright eye and lofty brow, and an amiable expression, that, like a



magnet, drew irresistibly towards him the affectionate interests of all.

In his riper days, while as a lecturer adorning his chair in this Institution, or as a writer impressing, with graphic power, his professional views on the minds of his readers, he was most favorably known to the greater part of the physicians of this land. It may be that he taught a few points of doctrine that some would be willing to gainsay, but he surely taught that which he believed to be true, and justified by a long and rich experience; and what he did teach was taught with an earnestness, elegance, and picturesqueness of illustration that have seldom been surpassed. He loved all the arts—poetry, painting, sculpture, whatever enlarged the mind or refined the taste—and could wield them all as his implements in his word-painting before his class.

This gave to his mode of teaching a singular charm. He stood in the amphitheatre with a modest and quiet air; leaning over the back, or with his foot resting on the rung of a chair, or his head inclined into the hollow of his hand, with his spectacles raised above his brow, his countenance beaming with enthusiasm, his heart and his intellect aroused in the interest of his class, his soft and mellow voice floating gently over his auditory as he taught his students how to encounter the appalling dangers of a furious hemorrhage, or the frightful convulsions of the parturient; how to cheer the timid, how to comfort the desponding; now in tones of deep pathos, and now with a quaint and comic humor, ever holding the attention of his hearers on the stretch.

Yet never, even in his liveliest vein, to his lasting honor be it said, did aught escape his lips derogatory to the gentle virtues and precious attributes of woman. He was too chivalric and loyal in his nature to make sport of the affliction of that better portion of our race to which so much of man's happiness is due, to avert whose afflictions and subdue whose sufferings so much of his anxious life had been devoted. Nor were his virtues merely negative in this respect. He taught his class to bend in homage before the grace and elegance and purity and delicacy of woman, and I believe no member of it ever passed from these halls without a juster and loftier idea of the sex.

There was something singularly interesting in this man that

would manifest itself on all occasions, even in a chance meeting by the wayside.

In his boyhood he had been feeble of frame, and he was sent, for several months, as the physicians of other days sent their weak chested patients campaigning, to be hardened by Indian life under Indian training, among the Cherokees of Georgia. An uncle was the agent of this people, and by him he was placed under the care of Jim Van, a bold rider, a good shot, a daring and reckless Indian chieftain. On the croup behind, or on his Indian pony beside the savage, it was the habit of the bright and delicate boy to ride. He sustained the hardships and witnessed many of the frightful barbarities of Indian life, but had his health invigorated, and I heard him once hold a group of children breathless about him as he detailed the strange and thrilling incidents of his Indian life, with a wildness of imagery and flowing fancy scarcely surpassed in Indian story. The power which he so singularly possessed of interesting all ages, we might ascribe to a natural genius in the man, if we could define what was meant by that phrase. He certainly was endowed with that undefinable thing called influence over his hearers, or effluence rather "which acts upon men's natures through some intangible medium quite distinct from the logical faculties."

In 1862 he withdrew, rich in honors, from the college and from the active exercise of his profession. But owing to the accidental inability to lecture, of the gentleman then appointed to succeed him, he returned to his chair, and as Emeritus Professor gave the course for the following session, with all the fervor and eclat of his former days. On the appointment of your present able Professor of Obstetries he withdrew finally; and with graceful dignity, passed the closing years of his distinguished life, with his loved classics around him, like another Horatius Flaccus, at his suburban farm of Hamenasset.

He died suddenly, after suffering many infirmities, on the 22d of last June, eighty days only after following the remains of his old and loved colleague, Professor Dunglison, to the tomb.

Of these two distinguished men, whose lives we mourn to-night, I have desired to speak without hyperbole or exaggeration. They are gone beyond the reach of eulogy or adulation. I would speak of them as I knew them, did not language fail me to portray their modest excellence, their purity of character, their sur-

passing mastership of learning, ancient and modern, and the unselfish devotion of their great abilities to the interests of our race. They were part of a band of colleagues such as are seldom seen for so long a period associated together, harmoniously working without jar or break, for one common object, the promotion of the best interests of this college, and the improvement of medical education. But they are gone—gone to the spirit land—Mütter, Mitchell, Huston, Bache, Duglison and Meigs—but leaving their falling mantles in the grasp of men in every way worthy to succeed them. So recently have these two last been taken from us, that it is difficult to realize their loss, and it almost seems to me that their awful shades might even now be circling round us in this theatre of their triumphs, or filling with shadowy dignity their customary chairs. Of them I can no longer speak, and to them I can only say, Vale—Vale, that word which must be and hath been, and trust that all may profit by their bright examples, those choicest legacies that good and great men leave behind them.







